The Senate As It Sees Itself

"The Head of the National Government"--- "The Saviour of the Republic"---How We Look from Capitol Hill, and How We Are Preserved Against Ourselves.

By LINCOLN STEFFENS-Copyright 1906.

over. And they seem to want it to blow over. And when they speak of a brave man they seem to mean one with courage to ignore or defy public opinion and the public will. Thus one brave statesman explained to me with contempt that some of his colleagues couldn't "dell the difference between a breeze and a sure-enough cycione."

How We Look to Them.

Fairbrother's Fancies.

Being Some Observations on Folly as It Flies.

perous things, could be more profitably

tures, reading books and discussing numerous things, could be more profitably employed with her children. She said that perhaps it could—but that it was the custom for women to join; that most all did have two or three clubs and she thought rather than be a dolt or appear cranky on the subject she, too, would be one of them. She said she had read Mr. Cleveland's articles against club life for women and really believed that what he said was true.

And then she wanted to know what I thought about it. And I proceeded to tell her that the woman question was as old as creation; that Adam had had his troubles, and most all men since that day had been up against the proposition. I told her that I didn't want to appear selfish; I didn't want to say that it was proper for men to have their clubs and their lodges and spend the evenings away from home; that I understood thoroughly that want was suoce for the gross was How We Look to Them.

If they would leave off worrying and attend to our husiness, doing the best they know how. I would be better satisfied; wouldn't you? But they don't hink we would. They don't have any decent faith in us, and I wonder if they are right about us. They think that if they could get jobs enough to go around in their districts and a building bill so that they could make all of us put up federal buildings for some of us. hen, they think, they would be able to bribe us to send them back. They think we are as corruptible as a board of, aldermen, and that if they could give us sour graft (legitimate, of course) we wouldn't are whether they solved the statehost problem or the kariff question, or ralling the send them than they do us.

But, never mind. Above our dull turbulance, out among the frightened factional craft of the cowardly House salls the Senute, high, screne, like an ocean steamship, steering straight at the storm center, the Presdent. It is beautiful and one cannot blame Washington for admiring the Senate. The House may say, what the House does say:

"Oh, well, the Senator are elected only one in six years, and then, not by the people. Legislatures elect them, We have to go to the people themselves every two years."

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Washington doesn't care why, Washington for in the people themselves every two years." the old traditions of home ties and home life if the woman partner is going to gad about all afternoon and the man partner is going, to spend his evenings at his club or loaf around talking politics. I tried to explain that because the husband had taken the initiative; because he had first discovered the delights of spending his time away from home, was no reason, why the woman should do the same thing only because the husband did.

Then she came back at me with the

or any fair dame with me a hall and discuss this theme with me—I will be willing to divide time, and derruy half of the expenses. In fact, I think that all husbands who care anything for their homes will say that I am on the right track.

The announcement that President Roosevelt has expressed a desire to go into Africa and India, when his term of office expires, solely for the purpose of hunting ilons and tigers, seems to me most queer. One would naturally suppose that after he retired from the highest office within the gift of his people that he would want to go in some retreat and pose as a great man—give out occasional chunks of wisdom—write for the magazines and be the most distinguished private citizen in the land. But it seems that he wants to hunt tigers and hunt them on their native heath. Wouldn't it jar the country if Teddy were to meet with disaster in his enterprise? He should remember, if he undertakes this sort of business, that the American flag is not respected by an enraged tiger, which has tasted blood. Were he to fall from his horse; were he to be taken at disadvantage, it would be the old story, often repeated, but good here, to the effect that "There was a young lady from Niger, Who went out to ride on a tiger. They came back from the ride With the lady inside, And a smile on the face of the tigor."

But every man to his taste if he gets a bite at Teddy.

I note that there is some smallpox on in Virginia just now—nothing serious I am . . .

As Viewed By the Late Joshua Billings, of Literary Fame.

THE CODE OF HONOR.

Dueling As I. Was in France in

"In a full moon one night in the tropics of fell asleep on deck. The moon shone directly on me. I lay in a white pool of moonlight. So three hours went by. "Then, when they woke me, I felt like a man in a dream. My mouth hung open, as it does when I sleep, and I couldn't close it, and my head lay over on the side and I couldn't straighten it up. "Nor could I understand what people said to me, nor could I obey orders. Volces I'd hear, far away, but they seemed meaningless, unpleasant. I was very drowsy, All I wanted was sleep. "They worked on me for two days, rubbing me down with cold water, and dosing me with castor oil, before they brought me round. And always after that I have been careful never to sleep where the moon's rays could get at me. My moonstroke happened eight years ago, but still at évery full moon I am stupid and drowsy, my head droops a little to one side and my mouth tends to hang open.

open. "There's many a sallor has been moonstruck, but this accident never befall landsmen. Landsmen. you see, never sleep out of doors,"—New York Herald.

Sir Henry Irving.

With no physical advantage, personal charm or outer aspect which bespoke success, to have at a little past twenty success, to have at a three pass (went) the mental forces which pulled him out of the crowd; to possess from the very dawn of his career an intellectual and irraginative conception of the greatest part on the stage, which only the experience of life could ripen and render visited to the could ripen and render visited and out of weight; always and over one in six years and then, not by the good to the people themselves every two years."

In the that there is some smallpox end that some people themselves every two years."

Weshington doesn't care why. Washington doesn't care why. Washington doesn't start the stand pack. So Washington looks up to the Senate and Sure.

And the Senate sees itself, calm and sure, facing trouble ahead, but only such troubles as it has faced before, and weathered. So the Senate is patient of our impulses more facing trouble ahead, but only such troubles as it has faced before, and weathered. So the Senate is patient of our impulses more facing trouble as faced before, and weathered. So the Senate is patient of the first that the trouble and an advertised on the senate sees itself, the series of the facing trouble and the face of the presumed I figured weathered. So the Senate is patient of the first the series is at the senate was the sixty of that six was expected to live a life merely to watt on he lock at rest for a few moments. It is before controlling the standing on the fruction of the greatest plant to see, but the fact that a the story of the senate shift of see, but the fact that a strong that a burnel police and surface that a command id.

Then she came back at me with the proposition that she presumed I figure and render visible and of weight; always and overy-lock and the senate sees itself, calm and sure, facing trouble as a tin has faced before, and weathered. So the Senate is patient of our impulses more than only surface the command weathered. So the Senate is patient of our impulsement of the greatest plant to see, but the fact

Sketches Here and There Tales of Town and State

Readers of These Tales and Reminiscenses Are Cordially Invited to Contribute Their Own. Address TALES, Times-Dispatch.

FELICITY AND

THE ROSE TREE

By JEAN COURTENAY.

meant do you find so absorbing in that dend rose tree. Mordaunt?"

His wife's politicly frigid tones suddenly startled him from his solloquizing.
"It's not dead yet, dear." Then after a moment's pause: "Do you know what rose it is?"

"Not in the least. Tell me?"

"It's named is solloquizing, if would have taken root here and flourished. I pletured it a wealth of fragran inowres showering their switches, and after they would not have mattered to them, I believe, if the weather had been absent altogether.

Her mother had passed away early in June, and soon after they went abroad in this more—refusing to be reconciled to its lot."

"You are quite poetical over it," laughed his wife. "It doesn't look worth troubling about to me, Why don't you give it up?"

"I shall never do that as long as ilive," replied her husband, almost forgetting in his earnestness the type of its profetype. "I shall never lose hope, while one spark of life remains in it that one day it may yet bloom and be happy."

"And it mame? You have not yet, and one deeded, leavening the sarried, and offer their sarried for the first time she noticed the deep sadness of his face; the threads of silver the first time she noticed the deep sadness of his face; the threads of silver that had surely not been present in mis dark hair a year ago. And a way of pity surged un within her for this many with his unfalling kindness, his uncessive."

The feeling seemed to stifle her, and allow tears gathered in her dark eyes, allowed the and there are suffered to her dark eyes.

The feeling seemed to stifle her, and allow tears gathered in her dark eyes, and we started the her dark eyes.

ed in her face. "Don't you want to know?"

"Of course I do. Tell me," she answered, leaning her head against him. "What will you give me for it?"

"Greedy boy!" she said, laughingig, as she kissed him. "Show me?"

He held up before her a spray of creamy blossoms which filled the air with their delicious fragrance. Then having fastened it in the bosom of her gown, he drew her tendedly into his arms and whispered. "My queen of roses! My Felicite Perpetuelle."

THE CHORUS.

In Modern Opera It Serves No Vital Function.

The chorus is rather a curious conven-tion at hest, and has come down to us as a stage tradition from the Greek drama, wherein it was employed to make remarks on the action of the play itself; it was in a manner a substitute for action. it was in a manner a substitute for action. In modern opera it serves no vital function, its mission being to line up on each side of the stage and make admiring comment when the prima donna enters, or to shout; "Oh, despair!" when a murder or robbery or accident occurs, or at a festival to exclaim in unison: "Oh, how joyfu!" It is generally costumed to represent lords and halfes, and it used to be compelled to wear white kid gives when it went on as Egyptian priests and mediaeval buccaneers; but whatever it pretends to be, it seidom looks it, and its absence will not create half the pain that it thinks.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Paris Newspaper Work.

pity surged up within her for this man with his unfailing kindness, his uncessing the devotion towards her—who gave him norm.

The feeling seemed to stifle her, and an adversary steemed to stifle her, and they gave him norm.

The feeling seemed to stifle her, and they gave him norm and the gave him norm and they gave him norm and they gave to shad the standard and the gave him norm and they gave the gave considered as a part of the life to he habt of kissing her; kisses had not heen included in the programme of well and the gave had the was not he head included in the programme of well and the gave him norm and t